

MISSISSIPPI DEMOCRAT.

VOL. I.

CARROLLTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1845.

NO. 48.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By F. C. JONES & J. DURDIN.

TERMS:
THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance, or Two DOLLARS for six months. No subscription taken for a less time than six months.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square of TEN LINES or less, for the first insertion, and FIFTY CENTS for each continuance. All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions required, or they will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly.
(1) Political circulars, or notices for the benefit of individuals or companies, charged as advertisements. (2) Articles of a personal nature, when admissible, at double the above rates, and payment required in advance.
(3) Announcing candidates—TEN DOLLARS for State or District, and FIVE DOLLARS for County offices, to be paid in advance.
No Job Printing delivered until paid for, except to those with whom we have regular dealings.

Miscellany.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them,
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them.
For things afar still sweeter are
When youth's bright spell has bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth has naught
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in times of need,
When Hope's last leaf is shaken,
To show us still that come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were blight if but the light
From Friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us!

NOT MARRIED YET.

BY G. F. MORRIS.

I'm single yet!—I'm single yet!
And years have flown since I came out;
In vain I sigh, in vain I fret,
Ye gods!—what are the men about?
I vow I'm twenty!—oh, ye powers!
A spinster's lot is hard to bear—
On earth alone to pass her hours,
And afterwards lead apes—down there!

No offer yet!—no offer yet!
I'm puzzled quite to make it out;
For every beau my cap I set,
What, what, what are the men about?
They don't propose—they won't propose,
For fear, perhaps, I'd not say yes;
Just let them try—for heaven knows,
I'm tired of single blessedness!

Not married yet!—not married yet!
The deuce is in the men I fear!
I'm like a—something that's to be let,
And to be let alone that's clear!
They say "she's pretty—but got no chin;
And love without it runs in debt!"
It agitates my nerves to think
That I have had no offer yet!

A BEAUTY.

Oh! her hair is as dark as the stormy cloud,
That hangs o'er the distant hill,
And her eyes as dark as the midnight wave,
And her face—oh! 'tis blacker still.

AN AMOROUS ALLITERATION.—Ador-
ed and angelic A—, accept an artless
amoris's affections, alleviate an anguished
admirer's alarms, and answer an amorous
applicant's avowed ardour. Ah! A—!
A—! appears an awful aspect! ap-
pear an aching affectionate adorer's al-
lurements, and anon acknowledge affianced
A—'s alliance as agreeable and accept-
able. Anxiously awaiting an affirma-
tive answer, accept an ardent admirer's
aching adieu.

AN AGED ANONYMOUS.

VALUE OF CEREMONY.—"All cere-
monies," says Chesterfield, "are in them-
selves very silly things; but a man of the
world should know them. They are the
outworks of manners and of decency,
which would be too often broken down,
if it were not for that defence which
the enemy at a proper distance. It is for
that reason, I always treat fools and cox-
combs with great ceremony, true good-
breeding not being a sufficient barrier
against them."

At the recent Agricultural Fair in Bar-
lington, Vt., Mr. L. Chase presented for
premium three pretty female children, two
and a half years old, born at a birth! The
committee on Household Manufactures
awarded him \$14—which was voluntarily
contributed by the bachelors present, who
said they considered him a legitimate ob-
ject of charity.

AGRICULTURE.—Nearly every paper we
open, of our exchanges contains the most
gratifying intelligence that our country-
men are aroused to a proper regard for
this most essential employment of man,
the culture of the earth, the bettering of
its products, and the improvement of the
breed of animals. Let the good work
proceed, say we.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FROM THE ADVENTURES OF SIMON SUGGS.

(From Carey & Hart's new work under this ti-
tle, just published in Philadelphia.)

SIMON "FIGHTS THE TIGER" AND GETS WHIP-
PED—BUT COMES OUT NOT MUCH "THE
WORSE FOR WEAR."

As a matter of course, the first thing
that engaged the attention of Capt. Suggs
upon his arrival in Tuscaloosa, was his
proposed attack upon his enemy. Indeed,
he scarcely allowed himself time to bolt,
without mastication, the excellent supper
served up at Duffie's, ere he was out-
riggered by the enemy. In the street, he
suffered not himself to be beguiled in a
moment's loitering, even by the strange
sights, which under other circumstances,
could certainly have enchained his atten-
tion. The windows of the great drug
store cast forth their blaze of varied light
in vain; the music of a fine amateur band
preparing for a serenade, was no music to
him; he paused not in front of the book-
seller's, to inspect the prints, or the huge
lettered advertising cards. In short, so
eager was he to give battle to the "Tiger,"
that the voice of the ring-master, as it
came distinctly into the street from the
circus—the sharp joke of the clown, and
the perfectly shadowed figures of "Dandy
Jack" and the other performers, whisking
rapidly round upon the canvass—failed to
shake, in the slightest degree, the resolute
determination of the courageous and indom-
itable Captain.

As he hurried along, however, with the
long stride of the backwoods, hardly turn-
ing his head, and to all appearance, obli-
vious altogether of things external, he
held occasional "confabs" with himself in
regard to the unusual objects which sur-
rounded him—for Suggs is an observant
man, and notes with much accuracy what-
ever comes before him, all the while a bo-
dy would suppose him to be asleep, or in a
"turkey dream" at least. On the present
occasion, his communings with him-
self commenced opposite the window of
the drug-store:

"Well, there's the most deffrunt sperrets
in that grocery ever I seed! That's koma-
kie, and old peach, and rectified, and lots
I can't tell the names! That light-yaller
bottle tho', in the corner that, that's Ten-
nessee. I'd know that any whar! And
that tother bottle's rot-gut, of I know my-
self—but a drink, I reckon, as well's the
rest! What a power o' likker they do
keep in this here town; ef I warn't agoin
to run agin the bank, I'd sample some of
it, too, I reether expect. But it don't do
for a man to sperrets much when he's pur-
suin' the beast—"

"H—ll and scissors! now who ever seed
like the books! Aint that a pile! Do
wonder what sort of a office them fel-
lows in that keeps, makes 'em want so
many! They don't read 'em all I judge!—
Well, mother-wit kin beat book larnin' at
any game! That's 'quire Haden-kelt up
home, he's got two cart loads of law-books—
tho' that's no tech to this feller's—and
here's what knocked a flity outen him
once, at short cards, afore a right smart,
active sheep could flop his tail any time;
and kin do it agin, whenever he gets over
his shyness! Human natur' and the human
family is my books, and I've never
seed many but what I could hold my own
with. Let me git one of these book-lart
fellows afore a bottle of 'old corn,' and a
handful of the dorkyments, and I'm d—d
apt to git what he knows, and in a general
way give him a wrinkle into the bargain!
Books aint fit for nothin' but just to give
to children goin' to school, to keep 'em
outen mischief. As old Jed'diah used to
say, book-larnin' spiles a man ef he's got
mother-wit, and ef he aint got that, it
don't do him no good—"

"Hello agin! Here's a sarks, and ef
I warn't in a hurry, right here I'd drop a
quarter, providin' I couldn't fix it to slip in
for nothin', which is always the cheapest
in a general way!"

Thus ruminating, Simon at length reach-
ed Clare's. Passing into the bar-room,
he stood a moment, looked around to as-
certain the direction in which he should
proceed to find the fero banks, which he
had heard were nightly exhibited there.—
In a corner of the room he discovered a
stair-way, above which was burning a lu-
cid red lamp. At the landing place above,
he found a door which was closed and lock-
ed, but light came through the key-hole,
and the sharp rattling of dice and jingling
of coin, spoke conclusively of the em-
ployment of the occupants of the room.

Simon knocked.

"Hello!" said somebody within.

"Hello yourself!" said the Captain.

"What do you want?" said the voice
from the room.

"A game," was the Captain's laconic
reply.

"What's the name?" again inquired the
person within.

"Cash," said Simon.

"He'll do," said another person "in the
room; let 'Cash' in."

The door was opened, and Simon en-
tered, half blinded by the sudden burst
of light which streamed from the chan-
-

liers and lamps, and was reflected in every
direction by the mirrors which almost
walled the room. In the centre of the
room was a small but unique "bar," the
counter of which, except a small space
occupied by a sliding door at which cus-
tomers were served, was enclosed with
burnished brass rods. Within this "magic
circle" stood a pock-marked clerk, who
vended to the company wines and liquors
too costly to be imbibed by any but men
of fortune or gamblers, who, alternately
rich and penniless, indulge every appetite
without stint while they have the means;
eating viands and drinking wines one day,
which a price might not disdain, to fast
entirely the next, or to make a disgusting
meal from the dirty counter of a disgusting
eating-house. Disposed at regular inter-
vals around the room, were tables for the
various games usually played; all of them
thronged with eager "customers," and cov-
ered with heavy piles of doubloons, and
dollars, and bank notes. Of these tables,
the "tiger" claimed three—for fero was
predominant in those days, when a cell in
the penitentiary was not the penalty for
exhibiting it. Most of the persons in the
room were well dressed, and a large pro-
portion of members of the legislature.—
There was very little noise, no loud swear-
ing, but very deep playing.

As Simon entered, he made his rustic
bow, and in an easy, familiar way, salu-
ted the company with—
"Good evenin' gentlemen!"
No one seemed inclined to acknowledge,
on behalf of the company, their pleasure
at seeing Capt. Suggs. Indeed, nobody
appeared to notice him at all after the first
half second. The Captain, therefore, re-
peated his salutation:

"I say, good evenin', gentlemen!"

Notwithstanding the emphasis with which
the words were re-spoken, there was only
a slight laugh from some of the company,
and the Captain began to feel a little awk-
ward standing up before so many stran-
gers. While he was hesitating whether
to begin business at once by walking up
to one of the fero tables and commencing
the "fight," he overheard a young man
standing a few feet from him say to an-
other, "Jim, isn't that your uncle, General
Witherspoon, who has been expected here
for several days with a large drove of hogs?"

"By Jupiter," said the person address-
ed, "I believe it is; though I'm not certain,
as I've not seen him since I was a little
fellow. But what makes you think it's
him; you never saw him?"
"No, but he suits the description given
of your uncle very well—white hair, red
eyes, wide mouth, and so forth. Does
your uncle gamble?"

"They say he does; but my mother,
who is his sister, knows hardly any more
about him than the rest of the world. I'll
be d—d," he added, looking steadily at
Simon, "if that isn't he! He's as rich
as mud, and a jovial old cock of a bachelor,
so I must claim kin with him."

Simon could, of course have no reason-
able objection to being believed to be Gen-
eral Thomas Witherspoon, the rich drov-
er from Kentucky. Not he! The idea
pleased him excessively, and he determin-
ed if he was not respected as General
Thomas Witherspoon for the remainder of
that evening, it should be "somebody else's
fault," not his! In a few minutes, indeed,
it was whispered through the company that
the red-eyed man with white hair, was the
wealthy field officer who drove swine to
increase his fortune; and in consequence
of this, Simon thought he discovered a
very considerable improvement in the way
of politeness on the part of all present.—
The bare suspicion that he was rich, was
sufficient to induce deference and atten-
tion.

Sanctuary up to a fero bank with the
intention of betting, while his money should
hold out, with the spirit and liberality which
General Witherspoon would have display-
ed had he been personally present, he called for

"Twenty five-dollar checks, and that
pretty double d—d quick!"

The dealer handed him the red checks,
and he piled them upon the ten.

"Grind on!" said Simon.

A card or two was dealt, and the keep-
er with a profound bow, handed him twenty
more red checks.

"Deal away," said Simon, heaping the
additional checks on the same card.

Again the cards flew from the little box,
and again Simon won.

Several persons were now over-look-
ing the game; and among the rest, the young
man who was so happy as to be the ne-
phew of General Witherspoon.

"The old codger has nerve! I'll be d—d
if he hasn't," said one.

"And money too," said another, "from
the way he bets."

"To be sure he has," said a third;
"that's the rich hog drover from Ken-
tucky."

By this time Simon had won seven hun-
dred dollars. But the Captain was not at
all disposed to discontinue. "Now!" he
thought was the "golden moment" in which
to press his luck; "now!" the hour of the
"tiger's" doom, when he should be com-
pletely flayed.

"That brings the fat in great flecks as
big as my arm!" observed the Captain, as
he won the fifth consecutive bet: it's hor-
rory brother John, every fire a turkey! as
the boy said. Here goes again!" and he
staked his winnings and the original stake
on the jack.

"Gracious heavens! General, I would'n't
stake so much on a single card," said a
young man who was inclined to boot-lick
anybody suspected of having money.

"You wouldn't, young man," said the
Captain, turning round and facing him,
"Lekase you never tote a pile of that size."

The obtrusive individual shrunk back
under this rebuke, and the crowd voted Sim-
on not only a man of spunk but a man
of wit.

At this moment the jack won, and the
Captain was better off, by fifteen hundred
dollars, than when he entered the room.

"That's better—just the least grain in
the world better—than driving hogs from
Kentucky, and selling 'em at four cents a
pound!" triumphantly remarked Suggs.

The nephew of General Witherspoon
was now confident that Captain Suggs was
his uncle. He accordingly pushed up to
him with—

"Don't you know me, uncle?" at the
same time extending his hand.

Captain Suggs drew himself up with as
much dignity as he supposed the individ-
ual whom he personated would have as-
sumed, and remarked that he did not know
the young man then in his immediate pres-
ence.

"Don't know me, uncle. Why, I am
James Peyton, your sister's son. She has
been expecting you for several days," said
the much-humbled nephew of the hog-
drover.

"All very well, Mr. Jeemes Peyton, but
as this little world of ours is too little d—d
full of rascally impostors, and gentlemen
of my—that is to say—you see—persons
that have got somethin', is apt to be tuk in,
it stands a man in hand to be a leetle per-
ticular. So jist answer me a strait forward
question or two, 'subjecting Mr. Peyton
to a test which, if applied to himself would
have blown him sky-high. But Simon was
determined to place his own identity as
General Witherspoon above suspicion,
by seeming to suspect something wrong
about Mr. James Peyton.

"Oh," said several of the crowd, "every
body knows he's the widow Peyton's son,
and your nephew, of course."

"Wait for the wagin, gentlemen," said
Simon, "every body has give me several
sons, which, as I aint married, don't want,
and," added he with a very facetious wink
and smile, "I don't care about taking a
nephew on the same terms without he is
ginwine."

"Oh, he's genuine," said several at once.
"Hold on, gentlemen; this young man
might want to borrow money of me—"

Mr. Peyton protested against any such
supposition.

"Oh, well," said the Captain, "I might
want to borrow of you, and—"

Mr. Peyton signified his willingness to
lend his uncle the last dollar in his pocket-
book.

"Very good! very good! but I happen
to be a little notion about sich matters.
I aint every man I'd borrow from. Before
I handle a man's money, in the way of
borrerin, in the first place I must know
him to be a gentleman; and in the second
place, he must be my friend; and in the
third place, must think he's both able and
willin' to afford the accommodation"—and
the Captain paused and looked around to
receive the applause which he knew must
be elicited by the magnanimity of the
sentiment.

The applause did come; and the crowd
thought while they gave it, how difficult
and desirable a thing it would be to lend
money to General Thomas Witherspoon,
the rich hog-drover.

The Captain now resumed his examina-
tion of Mr. Peyton.

"What's your mother's fust name?" he
asked.

"Sarah," said Mr. Peyton, meekly.

"Right so fur," said the Captain, with
a smile of approval: "how many chil-
dren has she?"

"Two: myself and brother Tom."

"Right again!" observed the Captain.

"Tom, gentlemen," added he, turning to
the crowd and venturing a shrewd guess,
"Tom, gentlemen," was named after me.
Warn't he, sir?" said he to Mr. Peyton,
sternly.

"He was, sir—his name is Thomas
Witherspoon."

Captain Suggs bobbed his head at the
company, as much as to say "I knew it;"
and the crowd in their own minds decided
that the old-dog General Witherspoon was
"a devilish sharp old cock"—and the
crowd wasn't far out of the way.

Simon was not acting in this matter
without an object. He intended to make
a bold attempt to win a small fortune, and
he thought it quite possible he should lose
the money he had won; in which case it
would be convenient to have the credit of
General Witherspoon to operate upon.

"Gentlemen," said he to the company,
with whom he had become vastly popular,
"your attention one moment or you please."

The company accorded him its most ob-
sequious attention.

"Come here, Jeemes."

Mr. James Peyton approached to with-
in eighteen inches of his suppositious un-
cle, who raised his hands above the young
man's head in the most impressive manner.

"One and all, gentlemen," said he, "I
call on you to witness that I recognize
this here young man as my proper, gini-
wine nephew—my sister Sally's son; and I
wish him respected as such. Jeemes, hug
your old uncle!"

Young Mr. Peyton and Captain Simon
Suggs then embraced. Several of the
bystanders laughed, but a large majority
sympathized with the Captain. A few
wept at the affecting sight, and one per-
son expressed the opinion that nothing so
soul-melting had ever before taken place
in the city of Tuscaloosa. As for Simon
the tears rolled down his face as naturally
as if they had been called forth by real
emotion, instead of being pumped up me-
chanically to give effect to the scene.

Captain Suggs now renewed the en-
gagement with the tiger, which had been
temporarily suspended that he might sat-
isfy himself of the identity of James Pey-
ton. But the "fickle goddess" jealous of
his attention to the nephew of General
Witherspoon, had deserted him in a pet.

"Thar goes a dozen d—d fine fat hogs!"
said the Captain, as the bank won a bet of
two hundred dollars.

Suggs shifted about from card to card,
but the bank won always! At last he
thought it best to return to the "ten," upon
which he bet five hundred dollars.

"Now, I'll wool you," said he.

"Next time!" said the dealer, as he
threw the winning card upon his own pile.

"That makes my hogs squeal!" said
the Captain; and every body admired the
fine wit and nerve of the hog drover.

In half an hour Suggs was "as flat as
a flounder." Not a dollar remained of his
winnings or his original stake. It was,
therefore, time to "run his face," or rather
the face of General Witherspoon.

"Could a body bet a few mighty fine
bacon hogs, agin money at this table?" he
inquired.

The dealer would be happy to accom-
modate the Gen'l, upon his word of honor.

It was not long before Suggs had bet off
a very considerable number of the very
fine hogs in General Witherspoon's un-
commonly fine drove. He began to feel,
too, as if a meeting with the veritable drov-
er might be very disagreeable, if not dis-
astrous. He began, therefore, to entertain
serious notions of borrowing some money,
and leaving in the stage, that night, for
Greensboro'.

Honor, demised, however,
that he should "settle" to the satisfac-
tion of the dealer. He accordingly called
"Jeemes!"

Mr. Peyton responded very promptly to
the call.

"Now," said Simon, "Jeemes, I'm a
little behind to this gentlemen here, and
I'm obleeged to go to Greensboro' to-
night's stage, on account of seein' ef I can
engage pork thar. Now ef I shouldn't be
here when my hogs come in, do you Jeemes
take this gentleman to wharever the boys
puts 'em up, and let him pick out thirty of
the finest in the drove. D'y'e hear me,
Jeemes?"

James promised to attend to the deliv-
ery of the hogs.

"Is that satisfactory?" asked Simon.

"Perfectly," said the dealer, "let's take
a drink."

Before the Captain went up to the bar to
drink, he patted "Jeemes" upon the shoul-
der, and intimated that he desired to speak
to him privately. Mr. Peyton was highly
delighted at this mark of his rich uncle's
confidence, and turned his head to see
whether the company noted it. Having
ascertained that they did, he accompanied
his uncle to an unoccupied part of the
saloon.

"Jeemes," said the Captain thoughtfully,
"has your—mother thought—her—her
pork yet?" James said she had not.

"Well, Jeemes, when my drove comes
in, do you go do an and pick her out ten
of the best. Tell the boys to show you
them new breed—the Berkshires."

Mr. Peyton made his grateful acknow-
ledgments for his uncle's generosity, and
they started back towards the crowd. Be-
fore they had advanced more than a cou-
ple of steps, however—

"Stop!" said Simon, "I'd like to a' forgot.
Have you as much as a couple of hundred
by you, Jeemes, that I could use twell I
get back from Greensboro'?"

Mr. Peyton was very sorry that he had
not more than fifty dollars about him.—
His uncle could take that, however—as he
did forthwith—and he would "fly around"
and get the balance in ten minutes.

"Don't do it ef it's any trouble at all,
Jeemes," said the Captain cunningly.

But Mr. James Peyton was determined
that he would "raise the wind" for his un-
cle, let the trouble be what it might; and
so energetic were his endeavors, that in a
few moments he returned to the Captain
and handed him the desired amount.

"Much obleeged to you, Jeemes; I'll
remember you for this; and as ef I had
Captain has kept his word; for whenever

he makes a promise which it costs him no-
thing to perform, Captain Simon Suggs is
the most punctual of men.

After Suggs had taken a glass of "aper-
rets" with his friend, the dealer—whom he
assured he considered the "smartest and
cleverest" fellow out of Kentucky—he
wished to retire. But just as he was leav-
ing, it was suggested, in his hearing, that
an oyster supper would be no inappro-
priate way of testifying his joy at meeting
his clever nephew, and so many true-
hearted friends.

"Ah, gentlemen, the old hog drov'er's
broke now, or he'd be proud to treat to
something of the sort. They've knocked
the leaf tat ooten him to-night, in wade as
big as mattock handles," observed Simon,
looking at the bar-keeper out of the corner
of his left eye.

"Any thing this house affords is at the
disposal of General Witherspoon," said the
bar-keeper.

"Well! well!" said Simon, "you're all
so clever, I must stand it I suppose, tho'
I oughtn't to be so extravagant."

"Take the crowd, ef!"

"Certainly," said Simon.

"How much champagne," General.

"I reckon we can make out with a cou-
ple of baskets," said the Captain, who was
determined to sustain any reputation for
liberality which Gen'l Witherspoon might
perchance possess.

There was a considerable ringing of
bells for a brief space, and then a door,
which Simon had not before seen, was
thrown open, and the company ushered in-
to a handsome supper apartment. Seated
at the convivial board, the Captain en-
throned himself; and to this day, some of
the few mate which escaped him on that
occasion, are remembered and repeated.

At length, after the proper quantity of
champagne and oysters had been swallow-
ed, the young man whom Simon had so
signally rebuked early in the evening,
rose and remarked that he had a senti-
ment to propose: "I give you, gentlemen,
said he, 'the health of General Withers-
poon, of Kentucky. Long may he live,
and often may he visit our city, and partake
of its hospitalities!'"

Thunders of applause followed these words,
and Suggs, as in duty bound, got up in his
chair to respond.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I'm devilish
glad to see you all, and much obliged to
you. You are the finest people ever I
was amongst, and treat me a d—d sight
better than they do at home"—which was
a fact!

"How's ever, I'm a poor hand to
speak, but here's wishing of luck to you
all"—and then wickedly seeming to blun-
der in his little speech—"and if I forget
you, I'll be d—d if you'll ever forget me!"

Again there was a mixed noise of hu-
man voices, plates, knives and forks, glass-
es and wine bottles, and then the compa-
ny agreed to disperse. "What a noble-
hearted fellow!" exclaimed a dozen in a
breath, as they were leaving.

As Simon and Peyton passed out, the
bar-keeper handed the former a slip of pa-
per, containing such items as—"twenty-
seven dozen oysters, twenty-seven dollars;
two baskets of champagne, thirty-six dol-
lars," making a total of sixty-three dollars.

The Captain who "felt his wine," only
hiccoughed, nodded at Peyton, and ob-
served—

"Jeemes, you'll attend to this?"

"Jeemes" said he would, and the pair
walked out and bent their way to the stage-
office, where the Greensboro' coach was
already drawn up. Simon wouldn't wake
the hotel keeper to get his saddle-bags,
because, as he said, he would probably re-
turn in a day or two.